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CONVERSATION PIECE

We'll not soon forget Delores Warmflesh.

"Hi, come on in. You must be the photographers . . . "

"What are you doing?"

"Taking off my clothes, what does it look like to you? Breading veal cutlets?"

"No, we didn't think you were breading veal cutlets."

She was undressed down to her underwear at this point and we decided to have some fun.

"Aren't you going to take my picture?"

"No. We're from the Internal Revenue Service."

"Look, I'm not much of a reader, but I never heard of that magazine. Are you sure you're legit?"

"You don't understand, we're from taxes -- internal revenue."

"So big deal. I'm from Brooklyn."

This pussycat is a barrel of monkeys.

We didn't have time to bridge the gap.

We decided to play it straight As we snapped these photos, we had an interesting conversation.

"Why does it say 'What's New' on your underwear?"

"It's a conversation piece."

"It would be a conversation piece without 'What's New'."

"Hey, you're cute."

"How often does that bit of conversation come up?"

"Never. They never see the writing."

"Then why do you wear it?"

"Because it was a present from my boyfriend. He's a seamstress."

"Your boyfriend is a seamstress?"

"Yeah — not so loud, he's touchy."

"About being a seamstress?"

"No. About my posing in the nude. He's in the next room and if he finds out you're here, he'll stomp on you."

What's the Good Word?

by Robert Knox

SOME FEW months ago, during one of the quieter spells on the nationally notorious Berkeley campus, a picketing student was arrested for "outraging public decency." What was it he had done that was so horrible? Well, at the time of his arrest, he was carrying a sign on which was printed a single word.

Now, this word, a rather functional one describing the sexual act, appears at least once between the covers of almost every modern novel, was put to good and frequent use by many of the older poets such as Robert Burns, and can be found scrawled in profusion upon the walls of our nation's men's rooms. In short, it is extremely doubtful that there exists in our society anyone above the age of, say, ten who is not acquainted with the word.

It could be argued, then—as it was in at least one prominent man's magazine not too long after the Berkeley incident—that it should be impossible to be "outraged" by the public use of a word if you know its meaning, and doubly so if you don't, so why all the fuss? A neat argument, granted. But with all due respect to the magazine's crusading spirit, one that holds, as they say, very little water.

The "fuss," having almost nothing to do with the meaning of the word, has everything to do with the emotions which *surround* such meaning. The word in question is strictly tabooed. In fact, twice tabooed. For it not only carries with it a shame-association with the genital act, but, as we know, it is often used in the manner in which the picketing student used it, to convey in terms of emotion the very depths of contempt.

All of which perhaps points up the real issue: this marvelously sharp, four-letter onomatopoeia, which was once freely used in mixed company as the polite term for what it describes, has in fact degenerated into a double-barreled obscenity, and has left us with a gaping hole (no pun intended) in the language.

To explain how or why this happened is to belabor history unnecessarily, especially the history of the Victorian Age. Suffice it to say that it did indeed happen, that it happened then, and ever since it happened we have been without a good, sound, robust single word — functioning either as a noun or an action verb—which descriptively and emotionally conveys the idea and feeling of the sex act, yet does not carry with it a host of confusing, mincing, furtive connotations which all but

obscure the intended meaning.

Consider, if you will, a hypothetical young couple, nude and impassioned, retiring to a bed or couch, joyfully eager to—what? *Have sexual intercourse?* This legalistic term will certainly apply if their couch is an adulterous one and, having been caught in the act, they are subsequently hauled into court. But used in a circumstance denoting love and affection, the term is at best awkward. Where did they find this sexual intercourse which they had? Presto! There was sexual intercourse; one moment they were having it, next moment they were not. Sounds much like a strawberry ice cream soda. Likewise, if they merely *have sex*.

Perhaps our couple takes to their couch to *make love*. A charming phrase, and certainly one which bespeaks creativity. But what is the nature of this love which they make? What does it look like? When they have finished, what is the ponderable, measurable result of their creative efforts? What ontological argument labels and sustains it? Really now! If they have made anything at all, they have perhaps made a baby.

Well, then, do they *lie together?* They could, if such is their desire. All night long. Without so much as touching each other. They could even place a Wagnerian sword between themselves, were they poetically inclined. Or they could even do so *after* doing something else. But the phrase, *lie together*, tells us nothing of what went on before.

Shall they simply *copulate*, then? Immediately, the word suggests two laboratory specimens, guinea pigs perhaps, unwitting participants in a breeding experiment. And if our couple decides to have *carnal knowledge* of one another, they are still prisoners of the laboratory, wherein they scrape cell-tissue from one another for microscopic examination. Or, escaping the laboratory, they

find themselves in court once more, being charged with some obscure sex-crime by some stern-faced magistrate. "The defendants are charged with having carnal knowledge without consent. How do you plead?"

More robustly, perhaps he shall *lay her*. Well and good, but the term certainly implies a very aggressive attitude on the part of the *layer* towards the *layee*, does it not? He chases her around the room a few times and, at last closing the distance between them, dives at her flashing legs in a flying tackle. Pow! He bowls her over, knocks her cold, lays her out! Much too aggressive? Well, then, perhaps they both *get laid*. Now we have gone from the actively aggressive to the passively ridiculous. They chase and tackle each other? Simultaneously? More than a little difficult to imagine, wouldn't you say? Or perhaps no one chases anyone; perhaps they merely recline together and wait. For what? Some invisible love-god to *lay* them both?

How about having them *sleep together?* A commonly used term indeed, but one that suggests that people never sleep side by side except after having had some kind of sexual contact—which is, of course, absurd. The term, in fact, is reminiscent to this writer of the story of the sailor

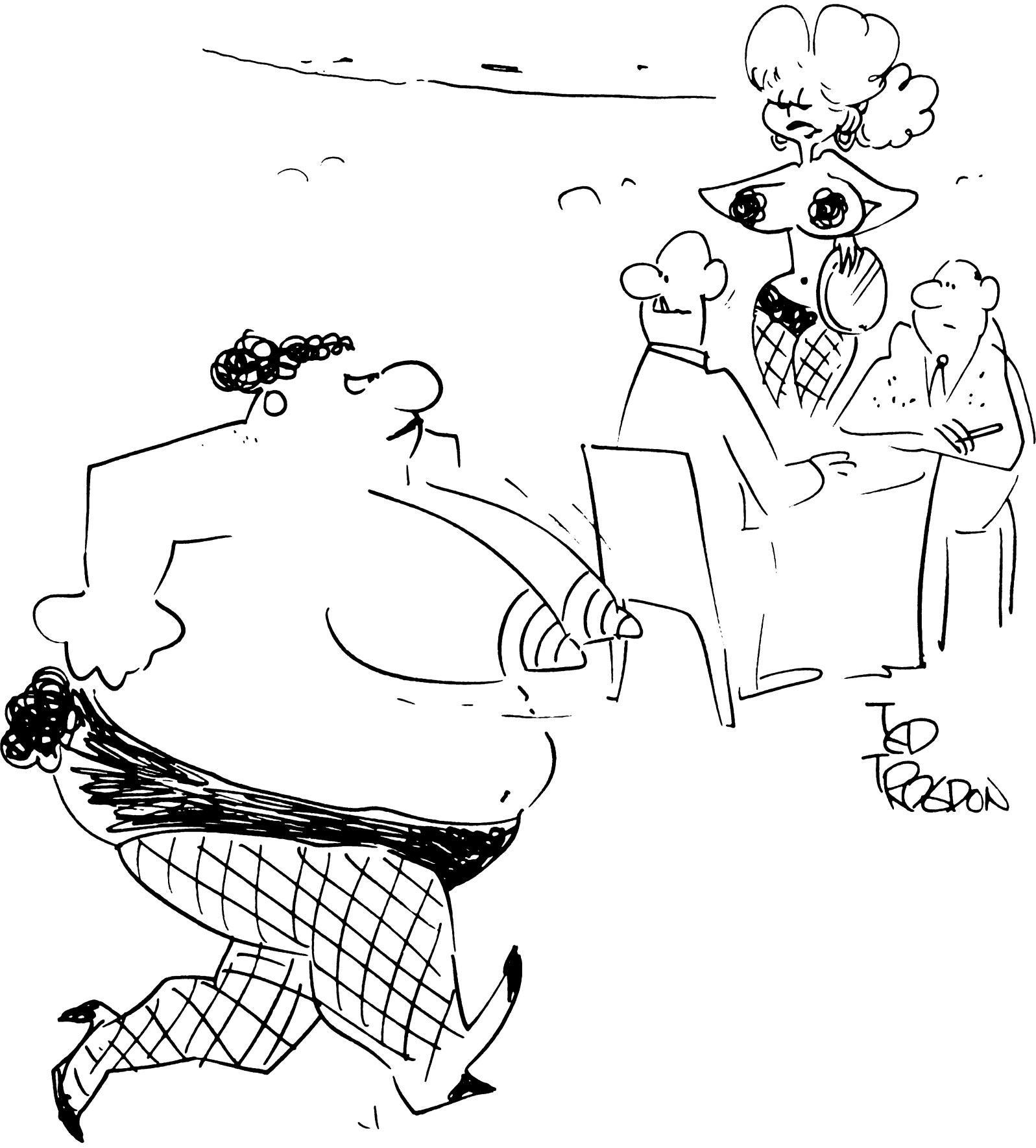
who, following liberty, was being quizzed by a buddy as to how he "made out" with a certain girl. "Did you sleep with her?" the buddy finally asked. "Not a wink!" replied the sailor. "Not a wink!"

We could track even further into the swamps of euphemism and have him *enjoy her* (and, presumably, she him), or let them *be intimate*, or let him *serve* or *service her*. In the first instance, they might very well enjoy each other, in the sense of appreciating one another's charm, wit and personality, without ever removing hat or glove, while in the second sense of the term they could both be mother-naked and sexually entwined, and yet find each other very dull indeed. In the second instance, we have only to recall that we have often been *intimate*—that is, keenly aware of desires and ambitions — with friends of our own sex, without ever having been homosexual. And the third instance, depending upon whether we use *serve* or *service*, either conjures up an image of the rutting, snorting stallion, or suggests that perhaps she needs a new picture tube and her tuning condenser cleaned.

There are countless other circumlocutions referring to the sexual act, but these, the more common among them, surely illustrate the point of all this—such terms are not invalid, but they carry with them too many other meanings; they are at best mincing; at worst, distorting. If we want to say with neutral clarity exactly what it is that our young couple has done, or are doing, we really have no word for it, since the one legitimate word we once had is now either a shameful or pejorative thing. We either whispered it uncomfortably, or carry it about on a sign condemning the Establishment.

The oft-quoted Confucius once wrote: "If language is not used rightly, then what is said is not what is meant. If what is said is not what is meant, then that which ought to be done is left undone; if it remains undone, morals and art will be corrupted; if morals and are are corrupted, justice will go awry, and if justice goes awry, then the people will stand about in helpless confusion."

Could it be that, at least in some small part, the confusion of our times is due to the lack of a good word meaning. . . . Well, you know.



She's the bouncer.

SUSAN'S PLAYTHINGS

A fellow could get lost in there.

Susan's playthings are soft, fluffy, and big.

People of all ages can enjoy Susan Conger's playthings, but to do so, they would have to be young at heart. She hasn't had them very long, but now that she does, she loves to play with them. And why not? They are soft, fluffy, and big.

She even has names for them (her boyfriend suggested it). The twenty two year old blonde calls them Guber and Lefty. Wouldn't you like to take them home to play with?

"But remember," urges Susan "they must be given tender loving care."

If you don't like Guber or Lefty, you can always win your own playthings at your next county fair. Susan's boyfriend won the lovable duo at the apple-dunking and pie eating contests.

Guber, the snake, was named after him. Lefty, the white dog, was given his name because Guber is a lefty.

Susan and Guber are planning a June wedding, so you might be better off to find your own playthings. If Gubber can do it, so can you!

Of course, he'll have to wait until June to do it. Susan is like that, you see.

FOOTBALL FRUITIEST FRACAS

by Frank Kolar

The Rose Bowl – that grandaddy of bowl classics – has seen some dandy pigskin battles. Since its inception in 1902 many great teams have clashed under Southern California's benevolent winter sun. Notre Dame's fabled *Four Horsemen* thundered across its field. On January 1, 1963 Wisconsin's Ron Vanderkelen almost caught up to USC with a fantastic display of passing wizardy – a game that must rank as the all-time thriller.

But, on a typically warm California New Year's Day in 1929, Georgia Tech met California in the wackiest, wildest game ever played in normally sedate Pasedena. Because of one particular screw-ball play, the game would make football history. One man's name – Roy Riegels – would be firmly imprinted on the minds of sports fans everywhere.

Early in the first quarter a freak thing occurred that was an omen of things to come. California had the ball, and on the third down they elected to try a quick kick. The kicker pounded his foot into the ball, and it sailed high into the air. Then it suddenly took on an odd shape – completely deflating as it plopped to the turf. The ball was ruled dead, which, of course, it certainly was.

A while later Georgia Tech's "Stumpy" Thomason was carrying the

THE ROSE BOWL'S SCREWIEST GAME

ball and he ran into California's right tackle, Steve Bancroft. Attempting to stiff-arm him, Thomason ran his fingers straight into Bancroft's open mouth. Bancroft instinctively clamped his teeth on them. Thomason pulled his hand free and fell painfully to the ground. "My God, boys," he moaned to his teammates, "we're playing with wolves!"

Late in the fourth quarter California was trailing – 8 to 7. In desperation the quarterback decided to try an onside kick, in order to get the ball back. The play called for faking a regulation kick, and then having a sneak kicker from the side boot the short one. It was a play they had used successfully all season. Yet when the ball was centered, the fake kicker and the real kicker ran right into each other, and the ball was quickly downed by Georgia.

But it was in the second quarter that *the* play happened. It had 72,000 fans screaming, and would prompt sports-writers to spill out an endless stream of words. It was a mess of mass confusion, and the hapless goat in the drama would be California's center – Roy Riegels.

Georgia Tech had the ball on its own twenty-yard-line. On first down halfback "Stumpy" Thomason tried to scoot around right end and was promptly hit by defensive back Benny Lom. The ball squirted out of Thomason's fingers and rolled downfield. The roving center – Roy Riegels – snapped up the ball, swung fully around, and began running the 65 yards towards the goal line – the *wrong* goal line!

Lom took off in desperate pursuit, yelling at Riegels. The crowd was on its feet, yelling hysterically. Riegels paid no heed to Lom, bent on scoring a touchdown. A Georgia Tech player – who was just as confused – tried to *tackle* Riegels, but a California lineman *blocked* him out of the play!

Lom finally grabbed Riegels just as he crossed the goal line. He yanked him back to the one-yard-line, where a horde of Tech players pounced on the bewildered Riegels. The ball got away

from him and rolled over the goal line just as the whistle sounded. A Tech man jumped on it, claiming a touch down, but the referee ruled that the whistle had blown. The ball was placed on the

McNamee looked at him blankly and asked, "Why?"one-yard-line.

At that time there was no rule for bringing the ball in from the sidelines towards the center of the field, so the ball was put in play one foot from the sidelines. California elected to punt its way out of this precarious position, but the kick was blocked by Tech tackle Vance Maree. The ball bounced off a California lineman and rolled into the end zone for a safety. Tech led 2 to 0.

This was followed by a whale of an argument between the California players and the officials. They claimed that Maree had stepped out of bounds as he went in to block the kick. In the melee, even the officials weren't sure – but the "safety" ruling stood.

Back on the wrong-way run, Riegels was all mixed up, and was far from alone. Even one of the referees – William Streit – said that he thought Riegels wasn't doing anything unusual. He later told reporters, "I thought that California had cooked up a daring play."

The fans? Well, half the California rooting section was on its feet, cheering Riegels on his wayward dash.

The radio announcer? Harlan Hall, a tournament official, was in the broadcasting booth with McNamee, the announcer. As Riegels ran the wrong way, Hall turned to him and said, "Boy, this will make football history!"

MnNamee looked at him blankly and asked, "Why?"

Poor Roy Riegels. No matter how many people had their heads on the backwards during his dizzy dash, he was, inevitably, the one who would suffer the burden of his boo-boo.

An Illinois player who had recently played in the East-West game was at the Rose Bowl. He had received a watch for participating in that game, and after Riegels' wrong way run he told reporters, "Don't give Riegels a watch. What he needs is a compass."

During half-time Riegels sat in the locker room, tears streaming down his face. His teammates tried to joke him out of his depression. "What's the idea," one of them said, "of running

65 yards on such a hot day when you only had 35 to go the other way?"

Another said, "It's really quite simple. Roy ran that way because his girl was sitting at that end of the stadium."

One Los Angeles sportswriter was quite merciless in the next day's sports section, when he wrote the following: "There may be a lot of arguments as to who really belongs on the All-America footbal team, but no one will ever be able to keep Riegels off the all-time, all-bonehead squad."

Another reporter was much kinder (and more observant) when he wrote: "Didn't you see Cal men taking out Tech players who were pursuing the fleeing center? And didn't you see Lom looking back, during the first 30 to 40 yards in his pursuit of Riegels? Even he wasn't sure."

Tech Coack Bill Alexander admitted that one of his men had tried to tackle Riegels. And that the same man was blocked out by a Cal player.

Riegels, himself, took all the blame. "It was a terrible boner." he said. " The more I think about it, the less I am sure of what happened. The first thing I knew anything was wrong was when Lom cought me at the goal line. I'm sick about it, especially since it cost us the game."

How did the sports-loving American public react? Well, there wasn't a fan anywhere that wasn't making jokes about Wrong Way Riegels. For some time he was the most famous athlete in the country. But the American people have the darnedest ways of expressing their feelings. Witness the following:

A Hollywood movie studio offered Riegels a contract; he was asked to appear in dance contests, walkathons, etc; people from all walks of life sent him one-dollar and five-dollar bills; and one genuinely sympathetic girl offered to marry him.

Riegels rejected all offers and went on to star for California the following season. Later in life he became a coach, and then a successful businessman.

But that one big moment on that sunny day in Pasadena would haunt him through life. Years later – while umpiring a softball game – he called a strike on the batter. The batter turned towards him and uttered, "What's the matter, Roy, looking the wrong way?"

What price fame?

WELL MADE MAIDEN

Angela Nest finds this arrangement suitable for herself, too. "I used to be just another house hold drudge," she says. "Until my boss gave me his house. Now, though I still do all the housework, I'm a member of the establishment. A Property owning, tax-paying citizen of Bel-Air. It's all been very exciting."

Angela is being had, of course, but in the nicest way possible. It's also been good for her boss. He's been able to write the whole thing off as a tax loss or something.

Taking a trip with Sandy is no bummer

Phantasmagoria A' La Paranoia

Today's sex revolution has progressed way beyond even the wildest fantasy flights of modern Lotharios, but it's much too soon to relax and enjoy it. Although the sexual needs of many are readily being met by free-wheeling free-thinkers, sexual freedom opponents are also massing strength.

Counterrevolutionary tactics are fraught with pitfalls for the sex pioneer, and more than one freedomist has bitten the dust during his quest for sexual fulfillment. To mention just a few incidents that serve to remind the sex revolutionist that all is not a bed of rosy buttocks:

ITEM: A young, unmarried man of 29 who was asked to submit to a lie detector test prior to his being hired by an engineering firm, was dropped like a hot tomato when the needle quivered at the word *adultery*.

ITEM: A woman who had been working for the Federal Government for several years and who applied for promotion was subsequently fired when a check into her background revealed she once lived with a man to whom she was not married.

ITEM: A married couple who ordered sexy films sent first-class mail found not only postal inspectors but also police at their doorstep and were summarily arrested for possession of material deemed "obscene."

It has happened more than once in recorded history that revolutions mark the furthest moving point of a pendulum which is destined to swing as far back as it did forward. Indeed, if the counter-sex revolutionaries get their way, far from enjoying idyllic days and nights of swinging sex, you might well be involved in situations like these . . .

You have finally gotten a plausible excuse for leaving town on a weekend trip and your wife has wished you well. Your 38-24-36 blonde, blue-eyed secretary enjoyed the leisurely trip to the distant lake which civilization seems to have left behind in its commingling toward megalapolis. It is quiet, the cabins are rustic, and now, the morning after, you turn to your secretary; notice she is still sleeping, slip out of the double bed, stretch, and begin to open the window so you can see the morning sun seep through the towering pines outside. The window, however, does not open. It does not, in fact, appear to be a window at all. Your heart all but catapults through your rib cage as you realize what you thought was a window is actually a one-way mirror placed directly opposite the double bed you spent so many memorable moments in the night before. Insanely angry, you smash the one-way mirror to bits with your bare fists, jump through the ragged opening and, like the wild animal you were last night, tear at the cameras, the tape recorders . . . then you are arrested for destroying government property.

•

For the seventh straight day since you lost your compass and map you are wandering aimlessly on the desert under the burning summer sun. Your tunic is tattered from last week's windstorm. You wet your lips with the last of the warm water in your canteen hours ago. Your mouth feels like the sand that scrunches through what remains of your shoes. You are about ready to give

By Bradley Stewart

Is the Sexual Revolution swinging back?

up, to sink into a hot, sandy grave, when you notice something green ahead . . . yes, you see trees and tall grass around a lake in the distance! A curvaceous naked woman is singing like a Lorelei as she dangles her shapely legs in cool water. Your voice cracks as you cry out. With the last burst of strength you can muster, you run, your thin arms flailing the air. Just as you are about to throw your parched body into the refreshing water you feel a heavy hand on your shoulder. The oasis, the nude woman disappear. A mirage. "You're under arrest for voyeurism" a policeman says.

•

It has been many months since you met a woman who seemed like a woman. Most of the females you meet, although scantily dressed, walk in a prim and proper manner, possibly from the worry that they are being watched by a member of the Citizens for Decent Living. But one day – to your utter amazement – you see a woman with a peculiar, strange walk bordering upon being sexy. At first you cannot believe your eyes, but the woman turns with a searching look, winks, and smiles *directly* at *you!* Beside yourself you run toward this lovely sex box whose arms are now opened to receive you. Just as you are about to embrace her, however, two CDL members knock you aside, pinion the woman, stamp OBSCENE on her forehead with indelible red ink, and place her under CDL arrest. You could follow the woman to jail and attempt to defend her, but you've heard that both judges and juries feel that if one *needs* defending, this, ipso facto, proves guilt.

Instead, you go home for the 5,480th straight night and secretly reread *Little Women.*

•

You have gone to a bar to drown out your sorrows when you see . . . yes, a sexy broad with bangs. As well you know, the bangs indicate she once had OBSCENE imprinted on her forehead with indelible red ink which remains although she served her prison sentence. Her breasts are delightfully enormous, her legs are perfectly proportioned, and she is certainly *worthy* of having OBSCENE stamped on her forehead. You maneuver to the seat next to hers. She smiles . . . a white, brilliant smile. You offer her a drink, she accepts. You mention the primitive art pieces you have in your apartment, and she is interested. You ask her if she'd like to see them. She says yes. When you get to your apartment you mix her another drink, play your rhythmic "jungle drums" record, and watch her sink into your soft down divan, her upthrust breasts enticing your brain and, in fact, your entire body to shiver. She looks at you expectantly. "Ah, yes, the art pieces," you hear yourself say and you get your prized pieces in your hot little hands and maneuver yourself close. She studies the art pieces through half closed eyes, takes your hand, and breathes deeply! "These pieces are obscene," she says in her throaty voice and she places you under citizen's arrest.

•

A thought suddenly strikes you. Sure, your wife hasn't been receptive to you for 15 years but then you haven't given her any flowers since your first year of marriage, either. Why haunt around town when it's there at home, at no additional expense except for the cost of a few flowers. You've read all the sex

manuals and you know that all women – even your wife – must be receptive at times. You watch her movements closely and see that now is the time! You rush to the florist and buy red carnations as you did during your honeymoon days. She is utterly thrilled when you give them to her . . . then confused . . . finally suspicious. "Why, after 15 years, do you give me red carnations?" she asks. She assumes you've been playing around and feel guilty. You tell her it isn't so, that she is the woman you have desired all along even though she hasn't been receptive and that now, more than ever, you want *her*. "Well, I don't know," she says with a blank look. "It *sounds* pretty dirty. I'll have to wait and see how the Supreme Court rules about things like this."

•

You have been fired from your top notch advertising agency position because you okayed an ad in which the color lavender appeared and this color was sexually offensive to an important government official. A lavender-marked man, no one will hire you. Better you should be a Negro. But no use crying over spilt milk. You have friends in influential positions and they have arranged for you to work in an Israeli kibbutz until the lavender scandal blows over. In Israel you have an opportunity to relax, to find peace of mind, and lo and behold, you have found the most delectable woman you have ever seen and she is attracted to you, and lo and behold again, you find yourselves together one night lo and beholding one another, when . . . you hear a strange beep, beep, beep, beep and you see Napoleon Solo step out of the closet, take from his pocket a pen, open it, and state that he has, indeed, found YOU with HER and he arrests you on the spot for aiding and abedding an agent of THRUSH.

You have finally met the girl of your dreams, you want to be with her and she wants to be with you, but the problem is where? There is no doubt that your apartment is bugged; government scan-ovision sets are situated in every lighted spot; dark areas are under continuous patrol. Moreover, you feel that the mechanic who worked on your car engine last week may have also inserted a tape recording device into your steering column. But you, clever man, again perceive the solution. You arrange, through your underworld connections, to charter a black market plane to fly precisely three miles up and precisely three miles out over the ocean for precisely three hours, which should be ample time. The girl of your dreams is thrilled over the prospect of a plane ride and also of being with you and she melts into your arms the moment you convince her that not only are you out of government zones, but that you are alone, save for the pilot who can hear only the hum of the engines . . . the engines? Where is the sound of the engines? What has happened to them, you wonder? You start for the plane cabin door and find yourself thrown against it as the plane plunges downward. You open the door, but no one is in the cabin. Out of the corner of your eye you see a parachute gliding ever so softly toward earth. With all your strength, you pull, tug, pull, tug, pull on the stick; switch the engine to *on*; attempt to rev the engines when . . . you notice the gas gauge reads empty. A light flashes on the panel. *"Your LIFE-Right has been cancelled for immoral acts."*

It was years ago, shortly after the 1966 Supreme Court decisions on obscenity, that you said good-bye to your girlfriends because you were afraid the government thought scope might zero in on you. To sublimate, you left your $20,000 a year position as a brassiere salesman for a $90.00 a week factory job where you were assigned the task of screwing nuts onto bolts. This you have diligently done for 10 years. Although boring, it has kept your mind occupied, and more importantly, clean, and most importantly, it has kept you out of jail. Also, your boss has appreciated your efforts and has confided to you that tonight, at the company dinner, you will receive an award for screwing the 14,569,820th nut onto the 14,569,820th bold with only 522 errors; a company record. It is a big moment in your life as you stand in the spotlight; a hunched, balding, bespectacled, miserable man; clutch the company award to your breast; begin to say a few words of tearful thanks when . . . you are surrounded by CDL men, handcuffed, dragged to jail, and booked on a charge of screwing without a nut license. •

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How true. In California, land of the newest in everything, they're setting a new style in domestics.

If there's one thing California's got, it's plenty of beautiful, intelligent young gals who want to be actresses. Well, it's fine to want to be an actress, but a girl's still gotta eat. But there's a problem. A gal who wants to be an actress can't tie herself down to a nine-to-five, Monday through Friday job. She needs time to visit her agent, the studios, anybody that will listen to her.

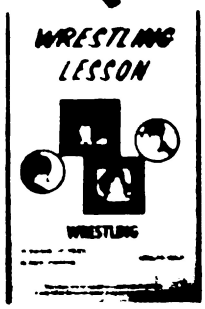
So with California's chronic domestic worker shortage, the gals hit upon a great idea.

Why not charge reasonable rates, but only do the housework on Tuesdays and Thursdays? That would give them three full days a week to whip their careers along.

Pictured here is Sue Long, one of the creators of the "Rent-A-Gal" program. She feels it's been a great success.

It certainly looks as if everybody should be pleased.

Rosslyn News



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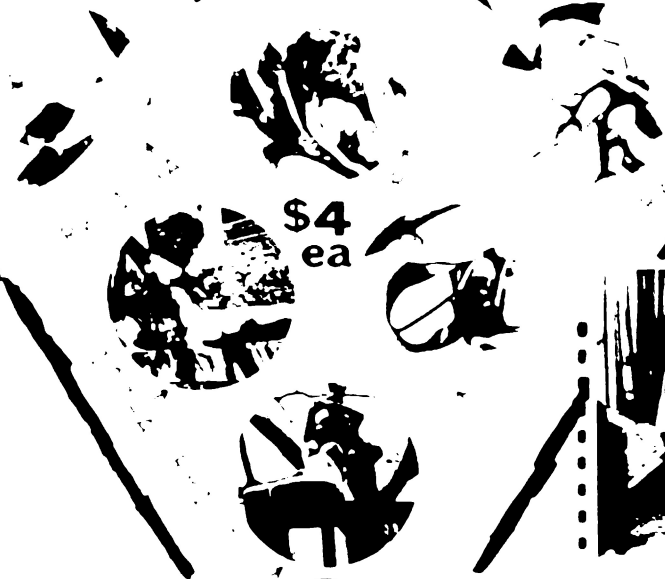

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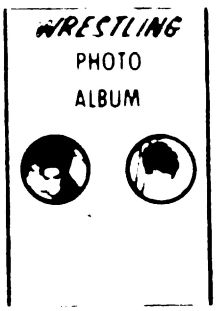

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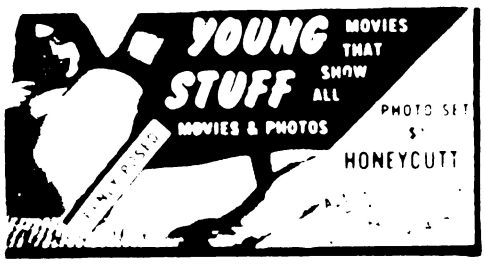

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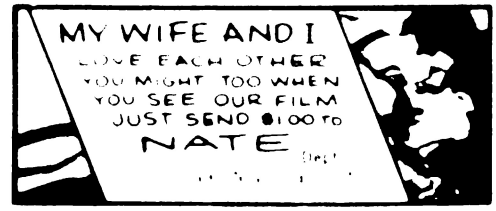

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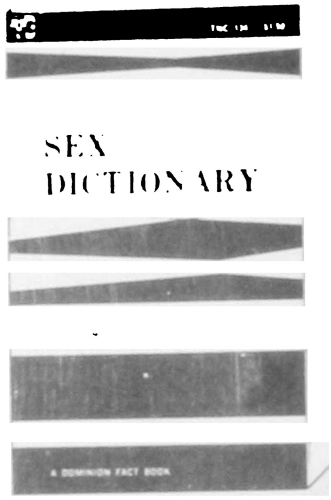

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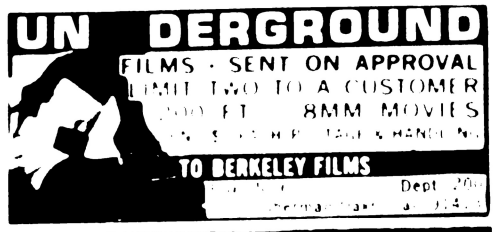

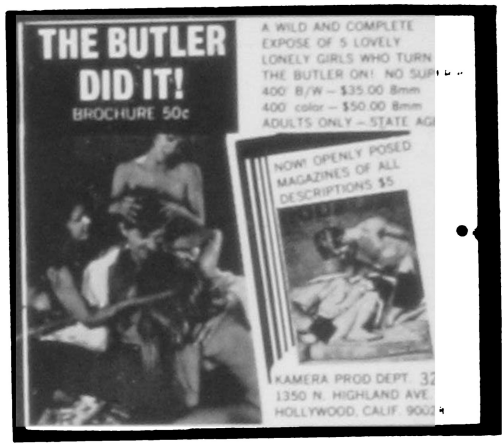

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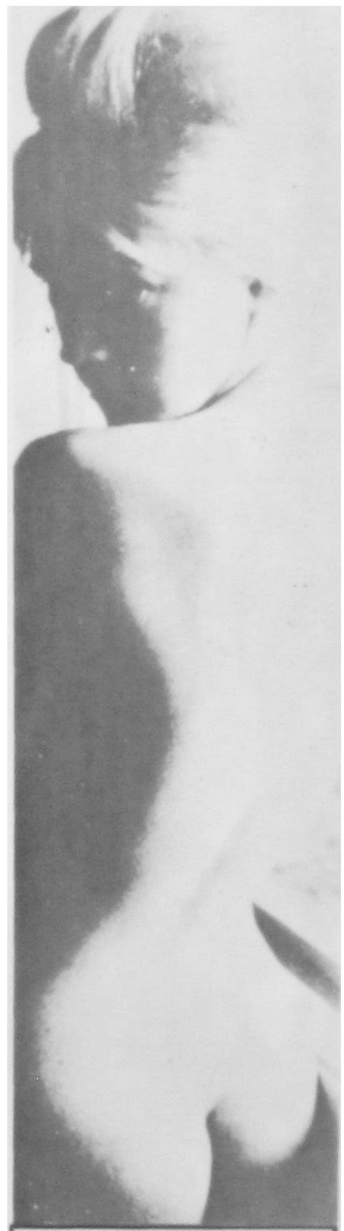

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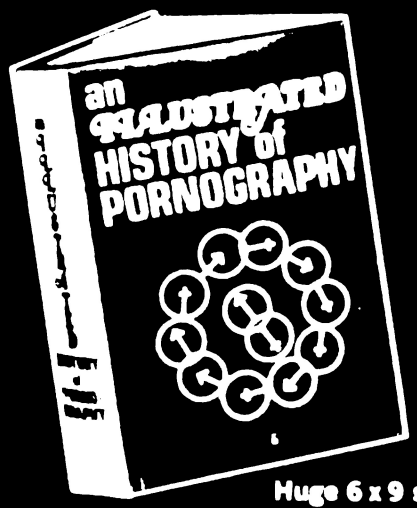

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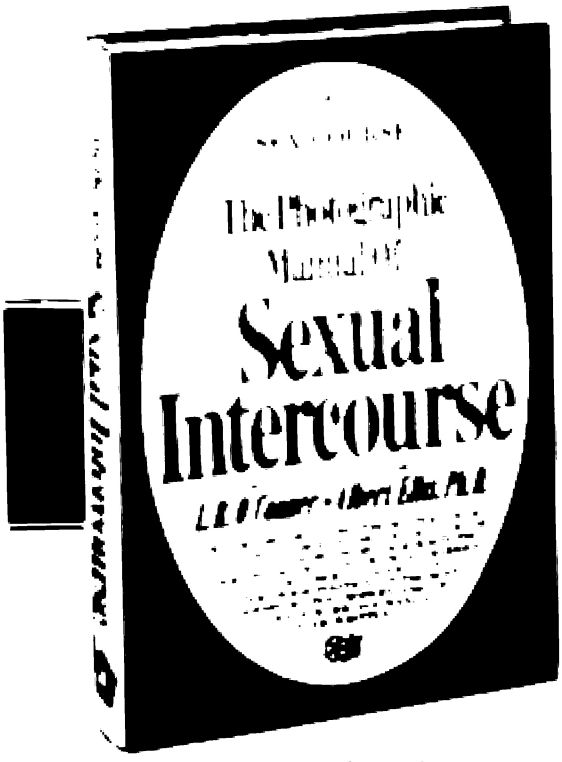

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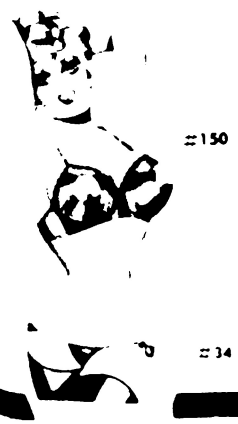
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Leopard look bra that lets YOU show thru. Gives marvelous support from below, deep plunge from above - and wonderful wide open feeling in the cut out center of each cup. Daring and boring. Printed 40 denier Nylon Leopard print only.
Sizes 32 to 36 A cup
32 to 40 B or C cup **$5.98**

#611 ME TARZAN, YOU JANE
Play house in this torrid leopard print baby doll. You'll love the back to nature look of the wide open slits and full swinging skirt. All in 100% Nylon 40 denier leopard print.
Sizes S M L **$7.98**

#630 QUEEN OF THE CATS
Scanty panty that conceals and reveals. Shaped with Lili's hip hugging flattery. 100% Nylon 40 denier leopard print.
Sizes S M L THREE FOR **$1.98** **$5.50**

ORDER BLANK

LILI ST. CYR P O Box 3910, North Hollywood, Calif 91609

Please rush me the following items for which I have enclosed
Check Cash Money Order ____ for full amount

☐ Send C O D (I enclose 25% of total payment & will pay postman balance

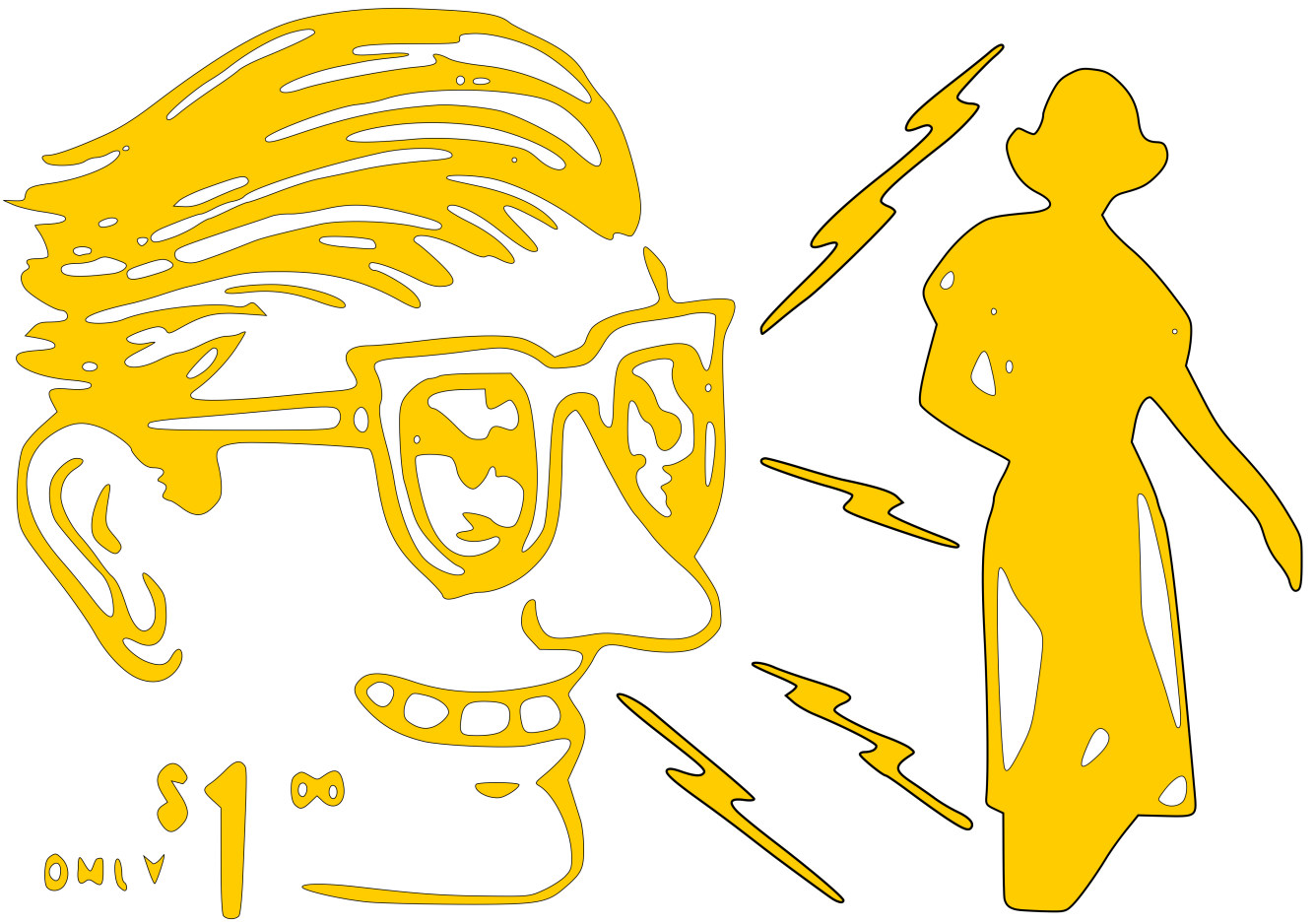
HOW MANY	ARTICLE	STYLE #	SIZE	COLOR CHOICE FIRST	COLOR CHOICE SECOND	PRICE
					TOTAL	

Bust ____
Cup Size ____ Hip ____ Waist ____ Height ____

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

DO NOT SELL TO MINORS

X-RAY SPECS



MR Scans

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